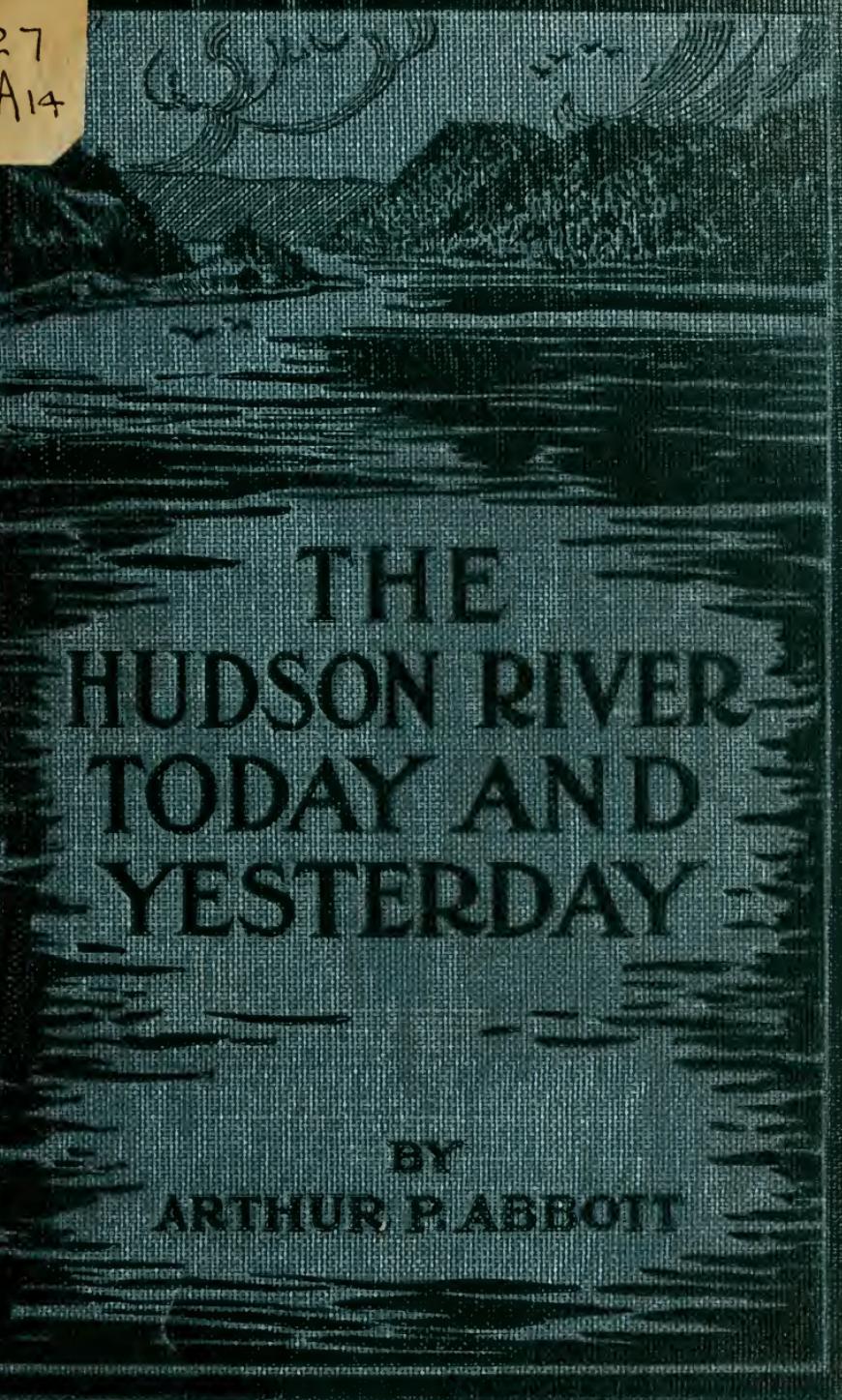


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THE HUDSON RIVER TODAY AND YESTERDAY

BY

ARTHUR P. ABBOTT



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THE
HUDSON RIVER
TODAY AND
YESTERDAY

By
ARTHUR P. ABBOTT

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AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

HERE has never been a time in the history of our nation when the story of its glorious past was so important as today.

A large percentage of the millions of aliens flocking to our shores, as to a city of refuge, know but little and consequently care less, of our institutions, their purpose and ideals.

We are interested in persons and things only in proportion to our knowledge of them.

Bunker Hill, Yorktown, Gettysburg and Appomattox have no meaning to the masses who come pouring through our immigration ports. And because this is so they can have no real sympathy with our institutions. Far too large a percentage of those who do seek the ballot do so largely as a means to an end: viz., a meal ticket.

They soon learn that a vote is of interest to political parties whose bosses are ever ready to barter for it jobs, if not cash.

It is this state of affairs which must sooner or later be changed or the Ship of State will run into perilous waters.

Legislation is sometimes a valuable antidote for such conditions, but legislation, to be effective, must be backed by force. And in a country whose watchword is freedom, experience has taught it is much easier to persuade than drive.

The mightiest persuasive power today is education. By education I do not mean arguments which strive to convince of the soundness of another's views, but pulling aside the curtain of obscurity and turning the giant beams of truth on the great ocean of fact and reality.

Truth, unclouded by prejudice, is the greatest incentive to right thinking and independent thoughts.

The function of the true historian is not to present argument but to record facts. These facts may be

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clothed in words of strength and beauty, but the fact itself must stand out clear and unmistakable.

The difficulty with most historians is that they become so wrapped up in their subject that they present such a mass of details the average reader will lose interest. Thus those whom it is most desirable to reach will not take the time to go to libraries to pore over ponderous volumes, and do not have the necessary means or inclination to purchase them.

The object of this series of little books is to tell truthful stories from our nation's past in a striking and interesting manner. Then, by providing such at a price in reach of all, it is hoped the masses will be reached and an interest gradually cultivated in our common country.

In this little book I have chosen the Hudson River valley, which is not only the scenic American Rhine, but the very shrine of American history. For no war has been and in all human probability will ever be fought with more beneficial results to the nations of the earth than that of the American Revolution.

If in such endeavors I shall succeed in stimulating interest in our country and its past, thereby promoting more efficient citizenship and guarding more securely our nation's perpetuity, I shall feel I have, in a measure, done my duty as a patriotic American citizen and descendant of those who helped to lay its foundation.

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The Illustrations Here Given Are Arranged as Follows:

Those at the top of the page are taken from the West shore of the river and those at the bottom from the East shore.

There, however, has been no thought of arranging the views so that they would represent scenes appearing opposite each other across the river: for, in certain localities, a number of interesting points appear on one shore and none on the opposite shore.

The selection has been made so as to represent as nearly as possible some of the most attractive on both shores. The space available does not permit showing all.



THE UPPER BAY. STATUE OF LIBERTY AT THE LEFT.

*"Just where the waters from the mountains sink
into the cradle of the deep."*

LOWER MANHATTAN WITH ITS " TOWERING
TEMPLES OF COMMERCE."





BERTHS OF OCEAN LINERS.

HUDSON RIVER STEAMBOAT PIERS FROM
WHICH THE JOURNEY IS BEGUN.





THE HUDSON RIVER WHEN OUR FLEET COMES
SAILING HOME.

GRANT'S TOMB AND A VIEW, FROM THE
RIVER, OF THE FAMOUS RIVERSIDE
DRIVE.

See page 52.





EDGEWATER AND FORT LEE.

See page 53.

HOMES OF THE "CLIFF DWELLERS."

A striking example of how the millions live in the most densely populated section in the world.





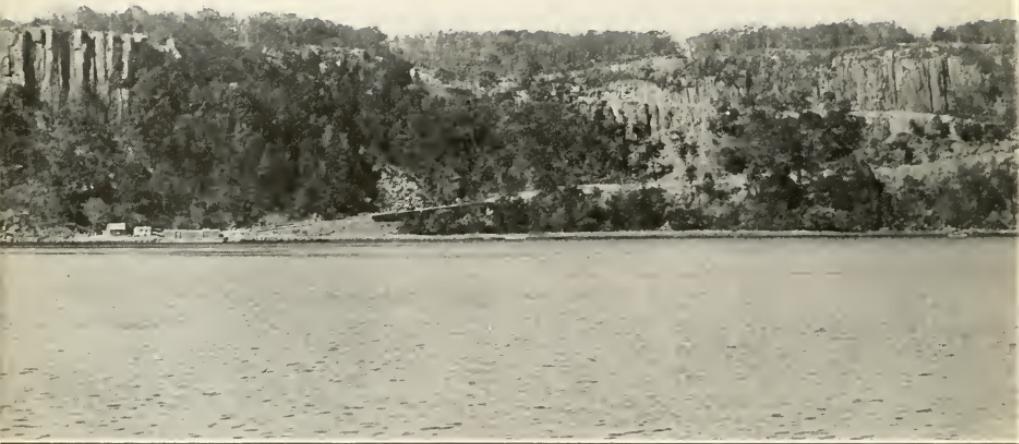
MORE OF THE PALISADES.

Note the tents along the shore. Here thousands get outside the city in Summer to breathe.

SITE OF FORT WASHINGTON.

See page 52.





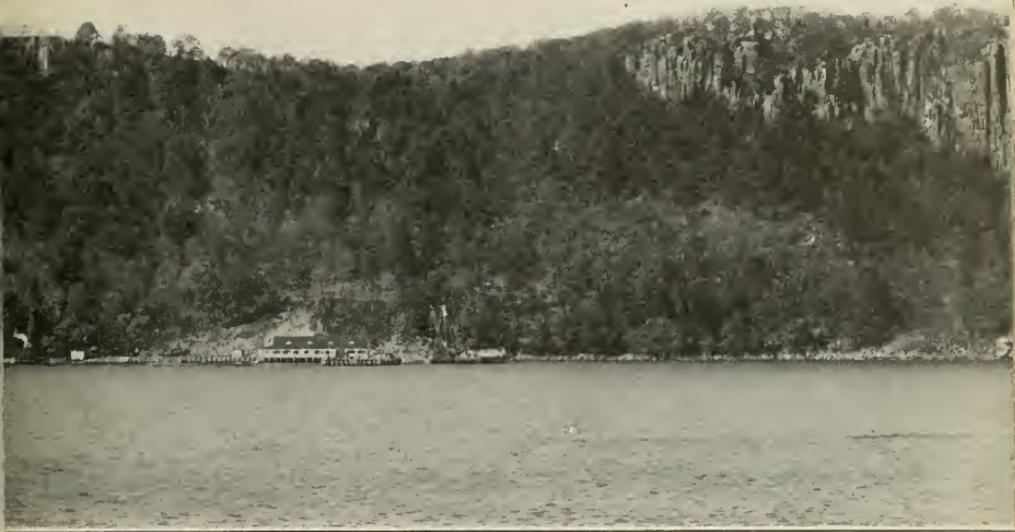
BEGINNING OF THE HENRY HUDSON DRIVE.

One of the most magnificent highways in the world, which is being built from New York City to Albany.

SPUYTEN DUYVIL.

See page 54.





PALISADES CONTINUED.

See page 52.

RIVERDALE ON THE HUDSON.





NORTH END OF THE PALISADES.

YONKERS.

See page 54.





VICINITY OF ALPINE AND SNEEDEN'S LANDING.

One of the many poetic rural scenes along the Hudson.

See page 55.

VILLAGE OF HASTINGS.





VILLAGE OF NYACK,
See page 56.

DOBB'S FERRY.
See page 55.





HOOK MOUNTAIN.

See page 56.

VILLAGE OF IRVINGTON ON THE HUDSON.





ANOTHER VIEW OF HOOK MOUNTAIN.

HOME OF LEVI P. MORTON IN THE FORE-GROUND AND OF WEALTHY PERSONS IN THE BACKGROUND.





THE TORS.

See page 57

TARRYTOWN, AND SLEEPY HOLLOW TO
THE LEFT.

See page 55.





VILLAGE OF HAVERSTRAW.

See page 57.

VICINITY OF SCARBOROUGH AND SPARTS.





VICINITY OF STONY POINT.

*The battleground is located on a high point marked by a lighthouse. Note the Hudson River Highlands in the distance.
See page 58.*

OSSINING.

See page 57.





**ENTRANCE TO THE FAMOUS HUDSON RIVER
HIGHLANDS.**

*The Dunderbergs to the left, the Manitou Range
to the right, Anthony's Nose in the distance.*

**VIEW FROM DOWN THE RIVER SHOWING THE
ENTRANCE TO THE HIGHLANDS**

*Hid behind the Dunderbergs and the Manitou Range.
Here the river appears to end. See page 59.*





A CLOSE VIEW OF THE DUUNDERBERGS OR
"THUNDER MOUNTAINS."

VERPLANCK'S POINT.

See page 58.





IONA ISLAND.

See page 60.

VILLAGE OF PEEKSKILL.

See page 59.





BEAR MOUNTAIN.

See page 60.

ANTHONY'S NOSE.

See page 59.





SITE OF FORT CLINTON. BEAR MOUNTAIN BEHIND.

See page 61.

SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN.

See page 63.





“HELL HOLE.”

See page 61.

VIEW JUST NORTH OF WEST POINT.

*Constitution Island on the right,
Crow's Nest and Storm King on
the left.*

See page 65.





SITE OF FORT MONTGOMERY.

See page 61.

**VILLAGE OF COLD SPRINGS, WITH BREAK
NECK MOUNTAIN BEHIND.**

See page 65.





SITE OF THE GRAVE OF MARGARET CORBIN.

*Grave marked by arrow. Alarm Hill just behind and to the left.
See page 63.*

NEAR VIEW OF BREAK NECK MOUNTAIN.





VILLAGE OF HIGHLAND FALLS AT THE BACK AND
LADY CLIFF ACADEMY IN THE FOREGROUND.

BANNERMAN'S CASTLE.
See page 66.





WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.
See page 64.

MOUNT BEACON. HOTEL ON THE SUMMIT AT
THE LEFT.





VILLAGE OF NEW WINDSOR.

See page 66.

FISHKILL AND NORTH BEACON MOUNTAIN TO THE REAR.

See page 66.





NEWBURGH.

See page 66.

**VICINITY OF MATTEAWAN ASYLUM FOR INSANE
CRIMINALS.**

See page 66.





FOUR MILE POINT LIGHTHOUSE.

VILLAGE OF NEW HAMBURG.





VILLAGE OF COXSACKIE.

POUGHKEEPSIE.

See page 67.





KINGSTON.

See page 67.

HYDE PARK.





SAUGERTIES.

See page 68;

HOME NEAR HYDE PARK.





LIGHTHOUSE NEAR SAUGERTIES WITH CATSKILLS
IN THE DISTANCE.

HOME NEAR HYDE PARK.





MALDEN ON THE HUDSON.

RHINECLIFF, NEAR SUMMER HOME OF
VINCENT ASTOR.





VILLAGE OF CATSKILL.

See page 68.

HUDSON.

See page 68.





VILLAGE OF ATHENS.

SOME OF THE " GOOD GROUND FOR CORN AND
GARDEN HERBS."

Mentioned by Henry Hudson. See page 49.





VILLAGE OF MARLBOROUGH.

See page 67.

VIEW NEAR CASTLETON.

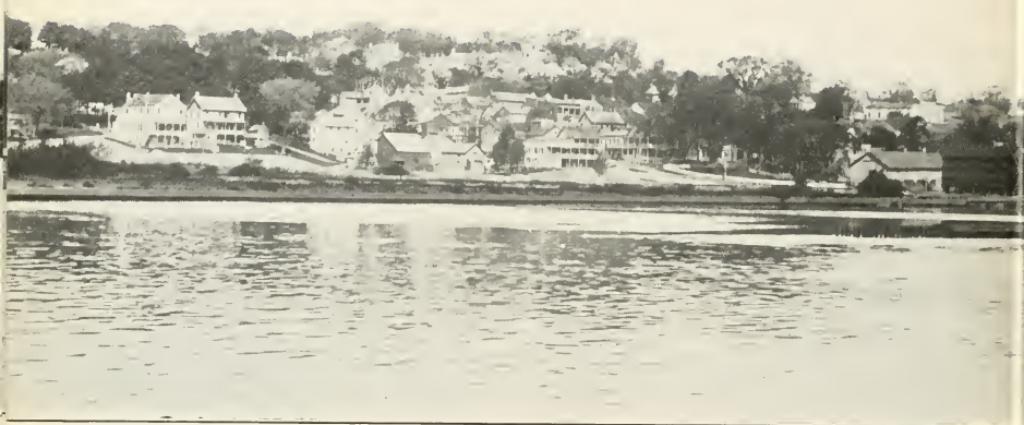




VICINITY OF ESOPUS.
See page 67.

VILLAGE OF CASTLETON.





VILLAGE OF COEYMAN.

VILLAGE AND FERRY AND ANOTHER OF THE BEAUTIFUL
RURAL SCENES ALONG THE HUDSON.





“ HERE THE TOWERS OF THE MOST FAMOUS STATE CAPITOL
RISE INTO VIEW—THE CITY OF ALBANY.”

See page 69.

STREET SCENE IN ALBANY





NEW YORK STATE EDUCATIONAL BUILDING AT
ALBANY.

VIEW OF THE STATE CAPITOL BUILDING AT
ALBANY.



The Hudson River Today and Yesterday

THE completion of the Panama Canal was the realization of a dream which made the discovery of the Hudson River possible.

“A waterway to India” has been the capital commercial prize eagerly sought after since Columbus demonstrated, by chance, the existence of a new world.

It was in the probing of the eastern shores of North America for such waterway that Hudson, an Englishman, in the maritime service of Holland, sailed into what is now the harbor of New York, and up the today Rhine of America. It was not until he had reached the vicinity of what is now Albany that, to his great disappointment, he realized it was only another blind lead. His disappointment can be better understood when we realize that undying fame and ample fortune was the reward which waited the man who would first make this discovery. However, strange it may seem, Hudson did not return with a heavy heart, for while fame, no doubt, was his personal ambition, yet fortune was the prime incentive of those who had financed the expedition.

In his short stay on the stream, which today stands as a monument to his memory in the hall of undying fame, he discovered it was not only a “land pleasant with grass and flowers” and inhabited, in its upper region, by “a loving people,” but that on its shores was “good ground for corn and garden herbs with great store of slate for houses, and other good stones,” and that vast quantities of most valuable furs could be purchased from the inhabitants for “mere trifles.”

It is, therefore, not difficult to realize what effect such a glowing report would have on the imagination of his thrifty and aggressive employers.

THE HUDSON RIVER—TODAY AND YESTERDAY

No page in the world's history is more interesting than the Dutch settlement along the Hudson River. Many of the original homes erected during this period are standing today and inhabited, in some instances by the descendants of their builders. The influence this sturdy race exerted in the days of settlement and colonization is still felt in many commercial activities. In the bewitching calm of the blue, dreamy haze which, throughout the long Summer days, hangs over its delectable Highland region, the traveler of today becomes imbued with the sleepy tranquility, which was so admirably suited to Dutch temperament, and which still broods over all like a spirit from out of the past.

How these same Dutch interrupted the development, by another race, of a primitive civilization which was creeping out of the ages of savagery toward the light of day, is in itself a most interesting story which the writer will tell at another time.

It is not the purpose here to find fault with these early Dutch settlers because they drove a sharp bargain in the "purchase" of Manhattan Island for \$23, but it is pointed to as an act which typifies the greed and selfishness which has prompted the white race, ever since the discovery of the American Continent, in defrauding an innocent and irresponsible race of its birthright, the injustice of which act is well recognized by all civilized nations through common laws which prohibit the taking of property, at unfair remuneration, from those incompetent to judge its worth.

Space here does not permit the detailing of these acts, nor will the reader be especially interested in their perusal. Yet, a few words regarding the earliest inhabitants of the Hudson River valley will, no doubt, be of interest and will, in a measure, pay a just debt due a race which has long since faded from its shores.

Of all the groups into which the American Indian race was divided, there were none which approached more nearly a degree of civilized development than the Algon-

THE HUDSON RIVER—TODAY AND YESTERDAY

quins. This group was divided into many tribes scattered over a large portion of the northern, eastern and middle parts of the American Continent. It was two of the tribes of this group which occupied the shores of the Hudson River. The Mohegans on the east bank from its source to its mouth and on the west bank from its source to the Catskill Mountains, the Leni Lepi, or as later called by the whites, the Delawares occupied the west bank from the Catskill Mountains down to the coast. Both of these tribes had a perfectly organized form of government which was the most ideal democratic form of government known in the history of all nations and races.

Each nation was divided into tribes and each tribe into clans and families. Agriculture and horticulture were given marked attention and villages and towns were the centers of social and commercial activity.

American historians unfortunately deal only with their wars which, as in all nations, portrays only the most vicious and degrading element. But if the writer were able to take the reader into the magic canoe of fancy and proceed up this majestic and beautiful waterway at a period prior to the advent of the white race, the reader would find his voyage most interesting and illuminating. On many hilltops he would see their fortified "castles," and in many sheltered coves, villages teeming with happy, contented and yet busy industrial life.

However, so far have these disappeared into the past, and so completely have they been obliterated from the eye of the traveler of today, that the portrayal of these scenes would be out of place in the purpose for which this book is intended. We will, therefore, confine ourselves to only such as may have withstood the changes of time, and which greet the eye of the traveler of the present day.

Putting behind us the interesting centuries which have just preceded, through which a nation has been building, and stepping into the brilliant sunlight of present-day development and progress, we take passage on one of those

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floating palaces which each Summer day pass up this historic stream, leaving behind us, one by one, the many points of scenic and historic interest.

As with banners flying and band playing we back out into the upper reaches of the busiest harbor on the face of the globe, just where the waters from the mountains above sink into the “cradle of the deep,” the sky line of the greatest city of the world begins to take form before our eyes. Towering temples of commerce, whose pinnacles almost reach the cloud-land, stand out like peaks in some rugged mountain range. The roar of busy streets die away and, like some vast panorama in natural colors, the shores being passing in review.

On our left the Jersey shore, the berths of ocean liners, those leviathans of the deep, pass by one by one. On the right the ever raising shore line with its homes of “cliff dwellers” interspersed with parks, monuments, and an occasional private palace pass by. Among these will be seen, standing out in prominent, solemn grandeur, with the folds of Old Glory fluttering in the breeze, the tomb of that “Silent Soldier,” Ulysses S. Grant, one of the star actors in that immortal struggle through which our nation’s unity was welded, let us hope for all time.

As we approach the “Heights,” where the eastern shore line reaches its greatest altitude on Manhattan Island, we pass a battleground on which was fought one of the most gallant and stubborn actions of the American Revolution—the Battle of Fort Washington. It was here that Margaret Corbin, the first “Molly Pitcher” of the Revolution, laid on her country’s altar, at the mouth of the cannon, the sacrifice which won for her the first pension ever granted to a woman by our Government. Her final resting-place will be pointed out as we go farther along.

On the left is passing in review the famous Palisades, whose face has witnessed enough to constitute one of the most interesting volumes of all the world’s books. The Palisades of the Hudson River have been a source of

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wonder to the civilized world ever since the *Half Moon* weighed anchor before them. Besides being the chief point of interest in the lower reaches of the river, they have received much attention from geologists.

The word "Palisades" is a most fitting title, for they form an unbroken line of perpendicular rock varying in height from near sea level to 550 feet. The stone is dark gray and blue-black in color and of a very hard formation. As the evening shadows fall upon the river, they stand dark, grim and stately, like the ramparts of some mighty fortress.

At their feet nestles a fringe of trees and shrubbery, with every now and then a sloping grass plot. These, together with vines entwining and trellising their rocky sides, present a trim which is irresistible to the artist and inviting to those who find a tent in nature's garden an attraction.

There are several interesting historic spots on the Palisades. On September 26, 1900, a monument was erected on the site of Fort Lee. This fort was built in the early days of the Revolutionary War as one of the defences of the lower Hudson. It was first named Fort Constitution. This name, however, was changed to Fort Lee on October 18, 1776, in honor of General Charles Lee, who afterward proved a traitor to his country. This monument represents Revolutionary soldiers scaling the Palisades. A few traces of the fort are still to be seen, as well as soldiers' ovens cut from the rock.

The "Washington Spring," which furnished water to the fort, is still flowing. Several old-time houses of Revolutionary fame are still standing, some of which date back to the Dutch period and are inhabited today by descendants of their builders.

Another interesting monument is that of Alexander Hamilton who was killed here in a duel with Aaron Burr. This monument consists of a bust of Hamilton surmounting a boulder against which, so says tradition, Hamilton was laid when shot.

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While this point of scenic and historic interest is passing before us, the sky line of Manhattan Island on our right drops to the sea level at a point where the East River reaches around the northern part of the island and meets the North or Hudson River. This point is known as Spuyten Duyvil. This name originates from two Dutch words, meaning spouting devil. Just why it should receive this name has not been satisfactorily accounted for by historians. There are, of course, many versions of the tradition, but one which is as good, perhaps, as any, is that in early days the waters of this passage were very turbulent in times of storm and the rocks in the channel formed a very dangerous passage for boats. From this some have drawn the inference that the waves dashing over the rocks formed, in the superstitious minds of the Dutch, the image of a spouting devil.

Passing this depression, the sky line again rises to a height which it maintains for many miles up the river.

The first boat landing, and the last one for most boats until West Point is reached, is the town of Yonkers.

This town, or rather city as it can be properly called, owing to its size and commercial importance, received its name from the early Dutch, who called it *Der Jonker's Landt*," meaning, in English, the gentleman's land. When the Dutch settled New York City, or New Amsterdam, as they called it, they brought over from Holland the feudal land system of that country. The rule in America was that anyone who in four years planted a colony with fifty souls was granted a manor or patronship and given title of Lord of the Manor. Among those who had ambitions in this direction was Adrian Van Der Donk, the first lawyer in New York City. Through services rendered and financial assistance given to the new colony, he received a large tract of land where the city of Yonkers now stands. While he was not, strictly speaking, Lord of the Manor, he was looked upon as of the gentleman class. Consequently his land was spoken of as "The Gentleman's Land," or in Dutch,

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Der Jonker's Landt. Thus the name, Yonkers, grew out of it. Among other improvements made by Van Der Donk was the erection of a saw mill, on a small stream, which to this day is called Saw Mill Creek. The biography of this old Dutchman would not only be interesting reading, but of a necessity constitute a history of the early Dutch in New York City.

Passing on from Yonkers, both shores of the Hudson are dotted with numerous villages and residences of New York City's wealthiest citizens, whose castles and palaces lend a touch of magnificence and romance to the poetic scenery. One of the first of these villages lying on the east shore, is Dobbs Ferry. This played a prominent part in the Colonial history of our country, and received its name from a man by the name of Dobbs, who for many years operated a ferry at this point. It was near here that Arnold, the traitor, and Andre, the British spy, first attempted to effect a meeting. It was an important and strategic point with both armies during the Revolutionary War. There are many interesting old landmarks found in this vicinity, which have received frequent mention by writers of American history.

On the west or opposite shore from Dobbs Ferry is Sneaden's Landing and the village of Palisades. It was in this locality that the body of the unfortunate Major Andre was first buried after his execution. It was later removed to England where it now rests among those who have helped to make English history. It was at this place also that the American Flag was first saluted by direct order of the British Parliament. It is here also that the Palisades end.

A little above Palisades and on the east shore is the village of Tarrytown. Tarrytown has been made immortal by Washington Irving's "Legends of Sleepy Hollow." Tradition says it received its name from being a loitering or loafing place for convivial Dutchmen whose thrifty wives most strongly disapproved of their husbands' conduct and in contempt named it Tarrytown.

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Another tradition says it received its name from the Dutch word *Terry*, meaning wheat, claiming that it, during the Dutch period, was noted for its wheat market. It was at this place that Major Andre was captured by three minute men.

Sleepy Hollow is a deep ravine just outside the village to the north, which ravine is easily recognizable from the boats. This ravine is the Mecca of many travelers interested in American history and literature. Here will be found the little brook over which Ichabod Crane thundered on the erratic Gunpowder in his attempt to escape from the headless horseman. Here also will be found the little Sleepy Hollow Church and the old Dutch Cemetery. This cemetery contains the graves of many noted persons including that of Washington Irving and the Irving family. Here also will be found the last resting-places of many old Dutch burghers who in their day made this region one of quaint pastoral beauty. The old church remains today much as it did centuries ago, and is an object of much interest to visitors.

At this point in the river we enter what is known as the Tappan Zee, for it is here that the river widens to such an extent that the Dutch named it a *Zee*, or in English, sea.

Across from Tarrytown is the village of Nyack, which, while in the midst of historic territory, is of more modern origin.

Back of Nyack, and bordering it on the north, is Ball Mountain, 650 feet high. A little farther along the west shore is another elevation called Hook Mountain, which is 610 feet high. It is at this point that commerce has been doing its best for many years to destroy the scenic beauties of the Hudson River, and at present and for some time past, the commissioners of Palisades Interstate Park (which commission will receive mention a little farther on) have been struggling to stop this depreciation by purchasing the land through condemnation proceedings. While they have succeeded in a measure,

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yet many scars on these picturesque hillsides have already been made which no doubt will remain for all time.

On the east shore, a little above Hook Mountain, is the village of Ossining, site of the famous State Penitentiary, Sing Sing. The erection of this prison began in 1829, and the buildings completed then are still in use today as the burial place of men still living—for incarceration in their damp, death-breeding walls is nothing less. Some day, no doubt, society will learn that persecution is not reformation, and destruction of all that tends to make man better does not accomplish the most possible in our institutions for correction. Ossining gets its name from a tribe of Indians named Sinck Sincks, or as it is sometimes called, Ossinksinks. From this name both the village and the prison have derived their names. The land on which the village and prison stand was purchased from the Indians on August 13th, 1685, by Frederick Philipse, and became part of the great Philipse Manor.

A little north of Ossining lies the village of Croton. Here is the site of the famous Croton Reservoir from which New York City receives a large portion of its water. The village is named after the famous Indian Chief, Croton, who was a powerful factor among the Indians of his nation, the Mohegans, and possessed many virtues for which the first settlers had reason to be thankful. Here also was located an Indian village, and its extensive cemetery. The name of this village was Kitchawan.

Across the river on the west shore is the village of Haverstraw. Just before reaching Haverstraw a range of peaks will be seen, called the Tors. This name originated from a Dutch word meaning tower. These Tors, or towers, were used by the Indians as watch towers during war times and, as was customary in those days, formed the location of forts or palisaded villages.

The village of Haverstraw is named after a tribe of Indians who occupied this region and had here their seat of local government. The Haverstraws were a quite

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powerful tribe and the names of their different chiefs, as well as individual members, appear on many early deeds to land in this section. Haverstraw today contains one of the largest brick-making industries in the East, the product being floated down to New York City in barges.

A little to the north of Haverstraw, and on the same side of the river, is the village of Stony Point and location of the famous Stony Point battleground. Every American boy and girl has read in history the account of this daring exploit. It was here that Anthony Wayne, or "Mad Anthony," as he was nicknamed, performed one of his many deeds of daring. The British had for a long time occupied this point with very strong fortifications, within which was gathered a large amount of military stores. The importance of this fortification being that it held possession of one of the most desirable points of communication between the troops of New England and those of the Colonists to the south.

It was during one of the darkest years of the Revolutionary War and at a time when desperate deeds on the part of the Colonial Army were deemed necessary. Space does not permit the narration of this exploit other than to state that by a very cunningly laid and daringly executed plan, with a mere handful of trusted followers, Anthony Wayne was able to capture, by surprise, this very strong and well defended fortification with comparatively little loss of life on either side. The success of this exploit was one of the very few encouraging achievements of the Colonial Army during this most discouraging period.

Interesting remains and relics of this fortification are being carefully preserved and may be seen by the visitor to this place.

Across the river from Stony Point and a little to the north is another point known as Verplanks Point. This point also has its place in American history as being the scene of one of the most successful strategetic movements

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of the British armies in the attempt to capture the Hudson River during the late Summer of 1777.

Looking up stream from this point, one will become perplexed at seeing a range of hills which apparently reach directly across the channel of the river. At the left will be seen a high range of hills known as the Dunderbergs, or the "Thunder Mountains." As one proceeds there will presently come into view a narrow opening between these hills forming a passage which is the entrance way to the famous Hudson Highlands. On the right or east shore appears the village of Peekskill. This place received its name from its earliest settler, a man by the name of Peek. The word Kill being the Dutch word for a small stream. A mountain stream here flows into the Hudson and was called Peekskill from which the village was named. This place was for a considerable time the headquarters of the Continental troops defending the Highland passes. The troops were in command of Israel Putnam, who built a fort here, which was known as Fort Putnam. Some very interesting remains of this fort are yet to be seen by visitors to this place. Here also was located, at an early date, an Indian village and cemetery by the name of Sachoos.

At the right of the Highland passage is an almost bare and perpendicular hill called Anthony's Nose. This hill is 1228 feet in height. There are many traditions as to how this point received its name, but sifting evidence of the best historians, the name St. Anthony was given to it by the Huguenot missionaries, who named the Hudson River St. Anthony River. St. Anthony was the institutor of monastic life and was born in Coma, Egypt, A. D. 251. At one time a ledge of rock a little way above the river projected in such manner as to form the bridge of a perfectly shaped nose. This was blasted away in 1846 by a company formed for the purpose of building a suspension bridge across the river at this point.

In the days of the Indian, a village was located on the summit of this peak, and a little back is an old copper

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mine from which the Indians secured material for pipes and articles of self-adornment. This old copper mine has been worked for many years since coming into possession of the white race.

Across the river from Anthony's Nose and a little to the south is Iona Island, the location of a government arsenal from which the army of the east draws a large portion of its ammunition.

Directly across from Anthony's Nose is a very high hill, being 1314 feet at its highest point. This is known as Bear Mountain. At the river's edge will be seen a tastily designed boat landing which has been erected by the commissioners of Palisades Interstate Park. It is here that a few words regarding this project and commission will no doubt be of interest to the reader.

Ever since commercial ambition has been directed toward the stone quarries lying along the Hudson River, and especially the Palisades section, a warfare between commercial vandalism and lovers of American scenery has been in progress. Space will not permit the detailing of this struggle, but it is sufficient to say that after years of constant and ceaseless endeavor on the part of patriotic men and women the States of New York and New Jersey have combined forces and established what is known as the Palisades Interstate Park Commission. This commission is comprised of representative citizens of both states and has for its object the preservation of the scenic beauties of the Hudson River and the provision of a great park which shall forever remain a recreation and pleasure ground for the general public. Beginning at Fort Lee on the Palisades and ending, at present, at Bear Mountain, this commission has, through the expenditure of a vast sum of money and ceaseless endeavor, acquired large tracts of land bordering upon or adjacent to the western shore of the Hudson River, thereby insuring the preservation of its scenic beauties. Not only this, but at different points they have built and are building especially designed and equipped pleasure and recreation

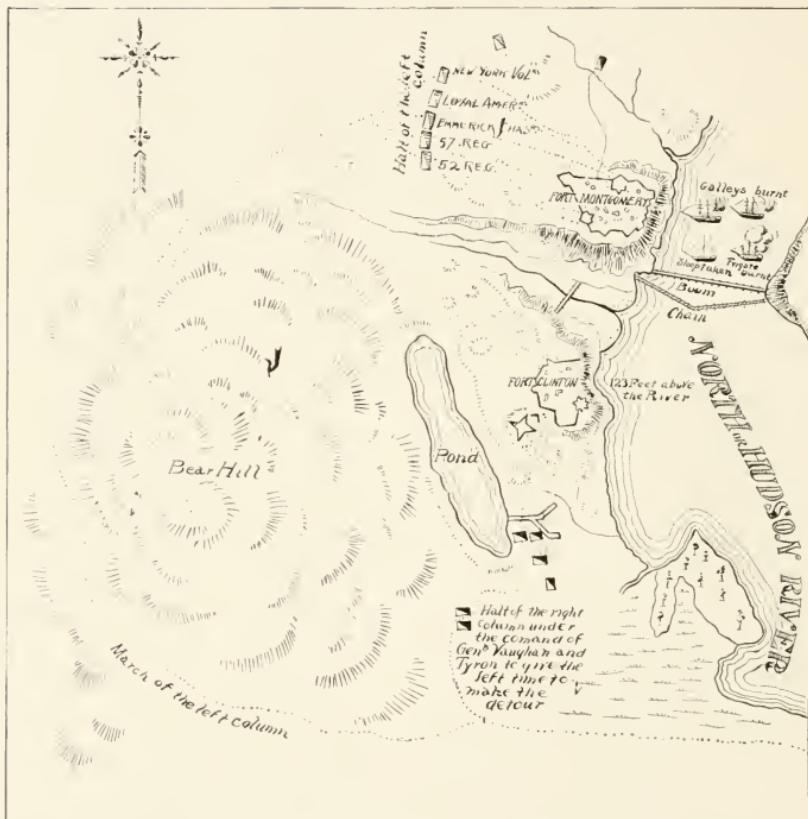
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grounds. The most important point, however, being at Bear Mountain. It was at this point that the State of New York at one time started to erect a State prison, which would supplant the famous Sing Sing prison, but public opinion was so strong against it that the project was abandoned and a tract of some five hundred acres, including Bear Mountain and a beautiful little lake at its foot was turned over to the Palisades Interstate Park Commission. Here in a few short years this commission has transformed a wilderness into one of the most delightful pleasure grounds found on the American Continent. A special boat service is in operation from New York City and passengers are carried the round trip at a rate of 50c. for adults and 25c. for children. Hundreds of thousands are each year availing themselves of the opportunity thus afforded for a delightful Summer day outing or a season spent in camp amidst the most enchanting surroundings.

It was at this point in the river that was located, during the Revolutionary times, the Gibraltar of America. Looking up the river on the left-hand side, above Bear Mountain landing, will be seen a slight elevation on the top of which was located a fort called Fort Clinton. This fort was named after the first governor of the State of New York who also had immediate command of the fort.

A little to the north of Fort Clinton the shore line falls into a deep ravine locally known as Hell Hole. This is a gorge reaching back into the hills through which flows a tiny mountain stream. On the north side of this gorge rises another elevation on the top of which was located another fort named Fort Montgomery. Across the river also at this point, reaching from Anthony's Nose to Fort Montgomery, was constructed a chain for the purpose of obstructing the river and thus preventing the boats of the British Army from ascending the river. It was these two forts and the river obstruction which played a very important part in the campaign of the British Government to capture the Hudson River through invasion by an army

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MAP SHOWING THE FORTIFICATIONS OF THE HUDSON HIGHLANDS
AT BEAR MOUNTAIN DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

This map was drawn from a survey made by Major Holland, Surveyor General, and Lieutenant John Knight, A. D. 1777. They were surveyors in the service of His Majesty King George III of England. The original map is in the archives of the Department of War, London.

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under General Burgoyne, starting from Canada and coming down through the head waters of the Hudson. The plan of campaign being for Burgoyne to come down the Hudson and meet at Albany the forces of General Sir Henry Clinton, which were to ascend the river from New York City, and had it not been for these two forts and this obstruction, which delayed Clinton until Burgoyne had surrendered to the Army of the North, the plans of the British Government would have been successful and no doubt the cause of the Colonists would have been defeated; for if the British armies had secured control of the Hudson River they would have been able to divide the Colonies in such manner as to make their co-operation impossible.

After passing the site of Fort Montgomery and the village of Fort Montgomery, lying just north of the old fort, we see on the east shore a range of hills or mountains known as the Crescent range. These are dotted with homes of New York City's millionaires, and, during the Revolutionary days were nearly all fortified. Along this range is Sugarloaf, Redoubt Hill, Mount Taurus and Breakneck.

A little beyond Fort Montgomery, and lying on the west shore, is the grave of Margaret Corbin, mentioned in connection with the Battle of Fort Washington. Margaret Corbin was the wife of John Corbin, matross in the First Company of Pennsylvania Artillery. This regiment was in the engagement at the Battle of Fort Washington. In those days nurses were few, and Margaret Corbin, having no family ties, did what many other noble women did in those days—accompanied her husband to war and became a nurse and assistant in camp life. During the engagement at Fort Washington her husband was killed and she immediately took his place at the gun and served it most creditably till shot down severely wounded by three grape shots, which nearly tore away her arm and part of her breast. During the remainder of the war she was taken care of by the Govern-

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ment and when the war closed she came back to the Hudson River, settling down in the Highlands near the place of her burial. Here she lived till the time of her death. Hers was the first pension granted to a woman by our Government for heroic deeds.

Back from the river some quarter of a mile, on the west shore at this point, will be seen a range of hills, the highest peak of which is known as Alarm Hill. This was one of the many points on which were stationed minute men, who communicated information to the Continental troops by the means of bonfires at night and firing of guns by day.

Passing up the river about three miles farther, we reach the United States Government Reservation on which is located the famous West Point Military Academy. This academy was established by an Act of Congress, March 16, 1802. The object of this Act was to provide a thorough course of training for officers for the United States Army. The first general survey of the locality was made by Captain Bernard Romans, an engineer in the employment of the Government. West Point's grounds, however, were first surveyed and laid out by Radier, a Frenchman in the employ of our Government. The plans of Radier were so visionary and impractical that they were rejected and the Polish warrior and patriot, Kosciusko, was employed to remodel Radier's plans and make them adapted to the needs of the Government at that time, and it is to Kosciusko that credit is given for producing the plans upon which this famous and most beautiful reservation is laid out.

To attempt anything like a description of the points of interest to the visitor at this place would require much more space than is here available, but in passing, it is well to mention a few.

West Point's library has one of the most interesting and valuable collection of books, manuscripts, maps, portraits and statues relating to American history and the subject of war to be found on the American Continent. This library is open to visitors for both inspection and

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service. In its museum will be found many intensely interesting relics of the different wars through which our country has passed, as well as a very complete collection of arms and ammunition used in all departments of the army. The parade grounds occupy the center. A most interesting and inspiring sight will greet the visitor who is fortunate enough to visit the reservation at the hours when these embryo officers appear on these grounds and go through with their varied military tactics. Lying a little to the north of the parade grounds on a quiet but beautifully and tastily laid out plot of ground will be found the cemetery. Here lie the graves of many of our most illustrious warriors. A full day can be very profitably and interestingly spent on this reservation.

Just across from West Point, and a little down the river, is the location of the old Beverly Robinson house where Benedict Arnold had his headquarters at the time he attempted to betray West Point to the British Army.

Just above West Point, and in the arch of the Crescent, is Constitution Island. This was formerly known as Martelaier Rock, so named from a French family by the name of Martelaier that lived upon this rock about 1720. During the Revolutionary days it was the site of a fort named Fort Constitution. This island also was the home of the Warner sisters, authors of "Wide, Wide World"—well-known writers in the generation that has just passed. One of the sisters is now buried in the West Point cemetery and the other, together with Mrs. Russell Sage, has given the island to the Government.

Passing Constitution Island, will be seen the village of Cold Spring, beyond which Mount Taurus rises to a point of 1500 feet.

On the west side of the river and across from Cold Spring can be seen Crow's Nest, a point of 1410 feet in height, and Storm King, 1529 feet.

Just beyond Cold Spring to the north rises Breakneck Mountain, 1787 feet.

North of Storm King will be seen the village of Corn-

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wall. This village was established in 1764, and is especially noted as the home of E. P. Roe, author and minister.

This place is also the home of many wealthy persons and is situated in one of the most beautiful localities along the Hudson River.

Across from Cornwall is Palopels Island. On this island is situated what is known as Bannerman's Castle. Mr. Bannerman is a dealer in military curios, with his place of business located in New York City. In this castle will be found samples of armament from practically every nation in the world and covering different periods of time. See page 84.

Across the river and a little to the north is the village of New Windsor. This village was established in 1749, and was for some time the headquarters of Washington. It is also the birthplace of De Witt Clinton, first Governor of the State of New York.

Just above New Windsor will be found Newburgh, one of the most important and thriving towns found between New York and Albany. This town was settled by the Germans in 1709. These Germans were a band which came from the Rhine country to escape the devastation which at that time was taking place through European wars which had for many years made peaceful and progressive civilian life impossible. This band was financed largely by the Queen of England. The town was organized about 1773. It was also the location of the commissary department for a large part of the Continental Army all during the Revolutionary War. Here also Washington had his headquarters during the greater part of the last two years of the war. It was at this point that the largest portion of the Continental troops were disbanded. Newburgh today is an important manufacturing center and its products are found in all parts of the world.

Across from Newburgh is the village of Fishkill. Here is located the celebrated Asylum, Matteawan, an institution for insane criminals. It was at Fishkill that the Society

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of Cincinnati was founded and George Washington was chosen its first president.

Here is also located the Wharton House, mentioned in "The Spy," by J. Fenimore Cooper.

Here was a burying-ground for the Continental Army and army barracks.

After passing several small villages up the river, the village of Marlborough is interesting in that it is a pre-Revolutionary village and was the capital of the State of New York for a short time.

On the east bank of the river, somewhat above Marlborough, is the village of Poughkeepsie, location of Vassar College and other celebrated schools. Here also is found the first bridge to span the Hudson River. Poughkeepsie was the capital of the State of New York for some time after Kingston was burned. It was here that the Constitution of the United States was ratified by the State of New York. It takes its name from an Indian word meaning safe harbor.

Among the several villages along the river immediately north of Poughkeepsie is the village of Esopus. This is a very old town and the region about is noted for its fine apples. It was this locality which first made a market in Europe for the celebrated variety known as Pippin. Here also is the home of Alton B. Parker, democratic candidate for President in 1904. His farm, Rosemount, is one of the show places at this point. The village itself received its name from a tribe of Indians, who through unfair treatment on the part of the white settlers caused more trouble to the early colonists than perhaps all other tribes combined. The so-called Esopus Wars occupy a large place in the history of the early settlement along the Hudson.

Lying a short distance above Esopus is the town of Kingston. This town, for various reasons, is perhaps the most interesting of all from a standpoint of Revolutionary history. For it is here that the first capital of the State of New York was established and the State

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Legislature formally organized September 10, 1777. This town is frequently called the "cradle of New York." The old "Senate House" is still standing and is used as a historical museum. The village and capitol was burned October 16, 1777, by the British after they had captured Fort Montgomery and Fort Clinton, previously described. It is here that the British troops learned that Burgoyne had surrendered to the Continental Army of the North, and after burning Kingston, which was one of the most wanton acts of the Revolution, they hastily returned to New York.

The next point of especial historic interest above Kingston is Saugerties. This is one of the oldest river towns and dates back to the Dutch days of colonization. It was settled by the Huguenots and Dutch. It is especially interesting as being the home of Captain Andrew Brink, Captain of the *Clermont*, which was the first steamboat to ply the waters of the Hudson. The next village of especial interest is Catskill. This locality is one of the main entrances to the Catskill Mountain resorts and dates back to the early Dutch period. It received its name in much the same way as Peekskill, the original spelling of the word being Katterakts Kill, meaning stream of cataracts, and not, as some historians have said, from the fact that the region abounded in wildcats.

Across from Catskill is the village of Hudson where is located the New York State Reformatory for Women. It was at this point that Hudson's ship was supposed to have gone aground as told in his report, and about as far as he ascended the river. From here up to Albany will be found many villages and towns, but few of them are of interest from a historic standpoint, as this section of the country was at no time effected to any great extent by the armies on either side during the Revolutionary War. The chief point of interest being Schodac Island which is one of many found in the Hudson River between Hudson and Albany, it was near this point that the

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capital of the Mohegan nation was located. Here they met each year and formulated laws and treaties with other nations which would govern for the ensuing year. This legislature or council was composed of representatives duly chosen from the several tribes. The matter of choosing these representatives was most interesting. They were chosen in village or town meeting, in which women folks had as much to say as the men. In fact, in those days women's suffrage was not a point of question, but an accepted fact.

The word Schodac is an Indian word, meaning Place of Fire.

By the time this point is reached with the day boats, the sun has settled down near the sky-line on the western shore and the shadows begin creeping out from the hill-tops down into the verdant valleys. It is a scene such as could well have inspired the opening stanzas of Gray's "Elegy" or the pastoral picture painted in Longfellow's "Arcadia."

As these scenes of quiet pastoral beauty are passing, the towers of the most famous State Capitol in America rise into view — the city of Albany.

To those unacquainted with American history but conversant with modern political history, this will arouse no memories other than those of political strife in which the forces of corruption and greed are arrayed against those with patriotic aims and unselfish desire to promote the best interests of a large percentage of the most cosmopolitan population of the world.

It is not extravagant to say that as much of the political history of our country is made in this city as in Washington. It was here that the first convention was called in which the colonies considered the advisability of joining hands for a common defense. In fact, from time immemorial, it has been the city of "Council Fires of Nations." As before mentioned, it was near here that the Mohegan nation had its great council fire and met each year, and sometimes more often, to formu-

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late laws and treaties. Not far from here and a little to the northeast, while not their regular place of meeting, the great five nations frequently met in general counsel with other nations. The reason for this will be found in the geographic location. Situated near the head waters of the Hudson, and near the confluence of other important waterways, which reach far into the interior, it at once became a most convenient place to reach through the medium of the birch-bark canoe—that express coach of the American Indian. However, to every patriotic American who has from childhood read and became imbued with the fascinating story of his country's past, what a flood of interesting memories will come rushing in upon him.

These stately towers and domes, these streets of busy metropolitan life will dissolve, and on the screen will appear the scouts from the great army of civilization. These will be followed in quick succession by the actors of the great drama of colonization and builders of the Ship of State.

The first of these to appear will be a band of French traders who erected here a fort on an island adjacent to the city. These came down from the French possessions in Canada in 1540. This fort was abandoned and rebuilt in 1615 by a colony of Dutchmen who, through the discovery of Hudson, as before narrated, had been sent out by the Dutch West Indian Company. This fort was destroyed by flood in the Spring of 1618, and was permanently abandoned. In May, 1624, another colony, consisting of thirty families of "Walлоons," French Protestants who had fled from their native land to Holland to escape fanatical religious persecution, built another fort on the present site of the city of Albany, which they named Fort Orange in honor of William of Orange.

On November 19, 1629, a wealthy Dutchman named Kilien Van Rensselaer, obtained concession of the Dutch West Indian Company to establish a colony here, and on

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July 27, 1630, bought from the Indians the land where the city of Albany now stands.

On September 24, 1664, the territory having passed into the possession of the English, the name of this fort was changed to Fort Albany, in honor of James, Duke of York and Albany. Its first mayor, Col. Pieter Schuyler, was appointed by Gov. Nicolls. On July 22, 1686, the city of Albany received its charter, being the first charter ever granted to a city on the American Continent.

From this time on the scenes on the stage rapidly change. On August 12, 1807, at 5 p.m., the *Clermont*, the first successful steamship on the American Continent, here completed the first half of its first voyage and the day of sailing vessels began to decline.

On November 2, 1825, was here celebrated the opening of the great Erie Canal, which has played such an important part ever since in American commerce. Here also, in 1831, was completed the first railroad in New York State, it running from Albany to Schenectady.

These are only a few of the interesting scenes which pass before the mind of the traveler of today, as this most enjoyable voyage ends.

The traveler will be well repaid if he spends a day in this interesting and historic American city. For in its libraries, historical societies, churches and capitol building, to say nothing of its parks and surrounding places of interest, will be found treasures of greatest interest in American history.

*The famed Rhine with its castles and vineyards,
With its history and moss-covered towers,
Shines no more 'mong the world's treasured beauties
Than this Hudson—the Rhine which is ours.*

Short Stories
from
The Business World



Outside of the Bible there is no book as valuable or interesting as the check book.

There are no stories as interesting and fascinating as those of human endeavor.

The “Fulton Folly”

If you will come with me I will promise to draw back the curtain of the past and take you on a most interesting adventure.

If you belong to the male gender, you will need to dress up in knee breeches, low shoes with huge, shiny buckles, swallowtail coat, long velvet waistcoat, shirt with deep ruffles, wig and cocked hat, or else you will run foul of the small boy looking for adventure, or become, with your modern dress, so conspicuous that you will spoil our otherwise interesting trip.

I am going to take you over to a slip on the East River, pretty well down toward the bay. I am going to show you what everyone is talking and laughing about—The “Fulton Folly.” What is that? Well, it is a blooming old tub that a fellow called Fulton has rigged up with a tall chimney and the good Lord only knows what else, and which he claims he is going to run up and down the Hudson River, propelled by water and fire at the rate of four miles per hour! In fact he thinks he is going to beat this time somewhat! Yes, and that isn’t the best part of the joke. He has asked the Legislature at Albany to grant him an exclusive franchise to run such contraptions on the Hudson! Just as though there would be other fools who will be anxious to make such asses of themselves as he is making of himself! Up at Albany they are using his bill as a sort of football for amusement. When things get a little monotonous they trot out the “Fulton Folly” bill and have a general good time. Oh, yes, it will pass—just for the fun of the thing. It is too good a joke to kill.

As we approach the dock we see a number of workmen engaged on this “contraption,” and who give us sly, sheepish glances as though they were not proud of their job. But it is the boss on the job who interests us the most. He is a young man, a little past thirty years,

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tall, slim and with an earnest, honest, friendly face which is flushed with enthusiasm. His earnestness and pleasant manners at once win our interest and sympathy.

After considerable questioning we learn that he is an artist, draughtsman and mechanical engineer, but, above all, a dreamer. Ridicule and criticism have made him careful of taking strangers into his confidence, but in a short time his enthusiasm gets the upper hand and he tells us all about his strange craft, and modestly explains what he hopes to do. He does not claim to be the originator of the idea, for many others have been spending money and working for years on steam-driven boats. But through his knowledge of mechanics and mechanical construction he believes he will succeed where others, through lack of such training, have failed. Another thing which makes him confident of success is that he has not long before, in Europe, made and successfully demonstrated a "diving boat," by which he was able to blow up an English vessel and otherwise prove the advantage and efficiency of such craft in time of war.

He invites us on board and explains the workings of this—to him—most wonderful mechanical creation. Down in the hold he has rigged up a furnace which burns wood by the cord and incidentally heats water in an enclosed kettle-like affair. From this run iron pipes, leading to a steam chest made of wood and held together by iron bands. Yes, this leaks steam considerably, but by covering it with blankets, etc., this leakage is not serious. From this chest runs another pipe, which connects with the engine. The engine is in turn connected to cranks which drive two huge mill wheels, or, as he calls them, "paddle wheels." The lower parts of these wheels are submerged in the water, one on each side of the boat, and he thinks that when they turn round they will act like a duck's foot or boat paddle, and thus push the boat ahead. As we look incredulous he hastens to assure us that they have already made several trial trips and, aside from a few minor mechanical imperfections, "she works

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fine." The chief difficulty is in the cranks getting stuck on dead center. But this he is sure he can overcome in a short time.

Would we like to go with him on his maiden trip to Albany? The question is asked in such a tone of wishful meaning and the invitation comes from one so winning in manners that we just can't refuse, although our hearts sink within us as we accept, in a manner which we hope does not betray our fears.

The eventful day at last arrives and the boat, which has been named the *Clermont*, in honor of the home of his patron, Livingston, is brought around into the North River without a hitch, its thirty-foot chimney belching smoke and fire, which causes no little stir and consternation among the numerous water craft in the bay.

"See the fiery dragon!" "Look at the volcano in a tub!" "This foolishness should be stopped before he gets a lot of people hurt!" "Another Spuyten Duyvil!" "All aboard for the bottom of the sea!" These and many more similar sentiments find noisy or indignant expression as the craft draws alongside the wharf.

After many tears, jokes and admonitions, we start on our journey. Soon one paddle-wheel gets caught in a shad net and the angry and excited owner declares he will have the law on us. This is at last extracted and our journey is resumed.

Space does not permit the chronicling of all the incidents of this remarkable and exciting voyage, but as the hours wear away our fears take flight and we enjoy to the fullest extent the consternation of captains, crews and passengers on board the river craft as we pass them by. Some jump overboard and swim to shore, while others disappear from their decks and hide below till this monster, belching fire and smoke and defying wind and tide, has passed by. Crowds collect along the shore and wave greetings or stand in dumb amazement. One farmer, more courageous than the others, hastily comes alongside in his skiff and asks how it is possible to run a grist mill up stream!

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As the day ends we tie up for the night and resume our voyage early the next morning. We reach Albany about five in the evening, having made the entire trip in about thirty hours or a little better than four miles per hour.

Yes, it has been done, just as the dreamer said it would, and the “Fulton Folly” is no longer a joke.

As we swiftly descend the years since then and view the descendants of this ungainly craft, which are today still a wonder of designing and workmen’s skill, in short, floating palaces satisfying every want in the way of luxurious comfort and pleasure, we thank our lucky star for the gift of the dreamer and pray that his tribe may increase.

Famous Descendants of the *Clermont*

The thrill of excitement and joy of achievement experienced by the passengers on that first and historic trip of the *Clermont* can never again be the lot of those who sail the waters of the Hudson.

However, pleasures undreamed of and comforts and luxuries which even kings of that day could not buy, are the common and daily lot of those who today take this same delightful day voyage.

The family of which the *Clermont* was the original ancestor is a large one, but in it the fleet of the Hudson River Day Line stands out in a prominence surpassing anything the architects and builders of the Old World can offer.

Under such conditions the traveler of today need take no thought of his personal comfort, for all these are furnished in abundance. He is thus left free to enjoy to the fullest extent the panorama of nature which each mile on this American Rhine unfolds to him.

In the literature furnished free by the Hudson River Day Line, which is unsurpassed in skill of the printer's art, will be found a most interesting fund of information relating not only to the rates, schedules, etc., of the different boats, but to views and descriptive matter of points of scenic and historic interest. Prominent among this literature is the Hudson River Day Line Magazine, which is published in four issues from May to October of each year.

It is in this literature that one is introduced to the *Mary Powell*, "Queen of the Hudson"; the *Hendrick Hudson*, the *Robert Fulton*, the *Albany* and the *Washington Irving*—that marvel of beauty and luxury and last word in steamboat design and construction.

As the daylight passenger of today sits in his easy chair on the cool, spacious deck of one of these floating palaces, listening to the soft, harmonious strains of the orchestra, he looks out over the beautiful panorama of blue, dreamy, haze-covered mountains, valleys and woodlands, and loses himself in pleasant reverie. He wonders whether the

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spirits of Hudson and his crew, of Fulton and his first passengers, of Washington and his faithful followers come from the spirit world to view these marvels of today. And when he, too, shall have passed, will he be permitted to view the possibilities another century may bring forth. Thus he yields to the spell of the enchanter and gives himself up to Summer dreams.

A Mid-Summer Night's Dream

It was at the close of a lovely Summer day, many years ago, that a young man climbed to the top of a rocky cliff overlooking the Hudson River, and sat down to pleasant day dreams.

The sun was sinking to rest behind the picturesque walls of the Palisades, and the deepening shadows were creeping slowly out on the placid waters at their feet.

Scattered here and there were numerous becalmed water craft impatiently waiting the breath of an evening breeze to waft them on their way.

From out the rising veil of mist there appeared to the dreamer a strange craft which, without sails and unmindful of calm or tide, went sweeping majestically up this poetic stream of romance and history. It was a palace of wonderful design and a treasure house of the workman's supremest skill. It swiftly passed on into the deepening twilight and was soon lost in the enchanted region beyond.

This dreamer was Fulton, and the magic craft was the celebrated *Berkshire* of the Hudson Navigation Company. Fear of ridicule would not permit Fulton to tell his dream to those of his day, but as it is now an established fact, a dream came true, we cannot only read of this magic palace with its stately drawing rooms, baths, telephones, dining halls, promenade decks, cosy corners, and a thousand other features of magnificence and splendor, but it is ours to enjoy.

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The literature of the Hudson Navigation Company, which may be had for the asking, will tell all about this wonderful floating palace, its schedule, rates, etc., as well as of its five other boats of almost equal interest.

“Moonlight on the Hudson” has been the theme of artists and poets for many years, but it is only through an evening’s sail from New York City to Albany, such as is afforded by the boats of this line, that one fully appreciates and enjoys it. No brush can paint or words depict the restful calm, the enchanting moonlit scenes or the dramatic, beautiful and fascinating effects of the rays from the giant searchlight as it illuminates, with the brightness of the noonday sun, the points of historic interest and scenic beauty.

Yes, it is a midsummer night’s dream, but one which each year is realized by hundreds of thousands who avail themselves of this opportunity of grasping one of life’s rarest pleasures.

At Eventide

Everyone who has traveled knows that when the busy, tiresome day of sight-seeing is ended, there is nothing so welcome as some place which will, in a measure, fill the longing for home.

The beauties of nature, the grandeur of palaces, the wonders of museums, the rush and bustle of city streets, all create a desire for quiet rest, a good dinner and a comfortable room with efficient, interested service. In short, a place where one is not numbered and tagged as so much baggage, but where individuality is retained and catered to.

Hotel Claridge, at Broadway and 44th Street, New York City, is all that can be desired to fill this need. In the first place, it is located in the center of the shopping and amusement district, thus making it easily accessible at

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all hours. And while it has this advantage, its interior is so arranged as to afford exclusiveness and comfort.

Its Lounge has an individuality found in but few, if any, hotels in the world. For while lavish in its decorations, it is at the same time artistic and restful. Its dining-room, while a dream of splendor, is the acme of art and taste. Its cuisine is under the direction of world masters. Its fowl and cream supply comes from its own farm, thus insuring not only the choicest but most pure. Claridge oysters are sealed on the oyster beds and delivered direct. In fact, all of its food supply is chosen with the greatest care and from the most select the markets of the world afford.

Its service throughout is trained with the one thought in mind—comfort and enjoyment for its guests.

Its rates are three, four and six dollars, including room with bath. Special rates for extended periods.

In short, it is one of those rare places where the traveler at eventide can withdraw from the busy world and find rest mingled with delight and unalloyed enjoyment.

In the Land of Romance and History

Nature has supplied the scenery, Irving and Cooper the romance, Washington and his armies the history and the Central Hudson Steamboat Company the facilities for enjoyment of what is generally considered the most interesting of America's many attractions—the central Hudson valley.

Here, during some of the darkest days of the Revolution Washington not only had his headquarters, but gathered and distributed much of his commissary supplies.

The Highlands below, with their fortified heights, formed a barrier against the foe from down the river, and the river, with its transportation facilities, supplied an important means for conducting military operations.

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Here the Catskills to the north, the Berkshires to the east and the Highlands to the south and west form a panoramic display of scenery which, for poetic beauty, none can excel and but few equal.

Every hilltop, every valley, mountain range, lake and stream has its fascinating story, all of which, combined form a most interesting chapter in American history.

Other localities may have been more deeply dyed with patriotic blood, but it is safe to say that on few, if any, was the great game of war more skilfully and thoughtfully played.

On page 35 will be found a view of its most important city, the city of Newburgh. The early history of this city will be found on page 66, but space there has not permitted mention of one of its most interesting enterprises from standpoint of the traveler.

Nestling along the shore in Newburgh harbor are the berths of the Central Hudson Steamboat Company's fleet. It is a fleet of which any harbor may well feel proud. Their spacious decks, tasty, commodious cabins, dining and sleeping rooms all cater to the comfort and enjoyment of their passengers.

Each year, with the coming of Spring, this fleet goes forth on its mission of transporting an army of travelers and sight-seers which each season come from all parts of the globe to visit this land of scenic beauty, romance and history.

The literature of this line, which may be had by addressing the company at Newburgh or their New York City office at Franklin Street pier, gives a most interesting review of the points along the Hudson as well as schedules and rates of different boats of the line.

No matter whether the traveler wishes to take only a few hours' sail, travel from New York City to Albany or visit any of the many points of interest along the river, no line is better prepared to accommodate than the Central Hudson Steamboat Company of New York City and Newburgh.

A Highland Fortress

As the fascination of the Hudson highlands has securely ensnared the traveler, and he has become convinced that Nature has exerted her utmost to please, she suddenly places before him one of her unexpected and rarest charms.

For when the rugged heights of Break Neck, Crowsnest and Stormking are scarcely passed, one enters an inland sea of charming beauty, one of its chief attractions being a rocky forest-clad island known as Polopels Island.

If this island presented nothing more than the charms which Nature has thrown about it, it would yet easily rank among the foremost of the world's poetic scenes. But crowning its rocky height is a turreted castle which will take little or no imagination to believe has been transplanted from the owner's native highlands of Scotland.

It is little wonder, therefore, that the traveler at once becomes consumed with curiosity, and, strange to say, when his curiosity has been satisfied his interest has been increased. For this castle is one of several arsenals belonging to the world's largest collector of military goods—Francis Bannerman.

Mr. Bannerman's operations extend around the globe. In his large wholesale and retail store at 501 Broadway, New York City, is a stock of goods which represents nearly all the periods of history and nations on the globe in the way of military equipment. This includes anything from heavy artillery to a derringer or from an army mess tent to a soldier's cap. Aside from being recognized as one of the world's most expert collectors and judges of military equipment, he is a very large operator in modern military goods.

He publishes a 428-page encyclopedia catalogue which is claimed by experts to be the best book published on old arms. This he mails east of the Mississippi river for 25 cents and west for 30 cents. He also issues a very interesting 12-page circular free.

If one is interested in things military he should by all means visit Mr. Bannerman's store at 501 Broadway, New York City.

The Greatest Park in the World

This book is one of a series relating to the history and points of interest in America.

It is a most interesting description and history of the Great Palisades Interstate Park, which is owned by the States of New York and New Jersey.

While not so large in territorial extent as some other famous American parks, owing to its accessibility to the largest city in the world, New York City, it at once becomes the most useful and consequently the greatest park in the world.

This book contains many interesting references to the early history of the lower Hudson River valley, a detailed description of the battles of Forts Montgomery and Clinton and of the early Indian occupation of the territory covered by the park.

Camping and camp life is another valuable and practical chapter which serves a most useful purpose to those interested in out-of-door life.

The subject of forestry is discussed in another chapter and strikingly illustrated in the views from the Western prairies showing the effect of forestry in the West.

It is a book which will be read with pleasure and profit by all ages and classes and should be in every home.

Some comments of the press and men of note:

“Performs a real service to the people of New York.”
—*Gov. James F. Fielder, N. J.*

“Its reading affords me the greatest pleasure.”
—*Ex-Gov. Martin H. Glynn, N. Y.*

“A most interesting compilation of historical side of the park.”
—*George W. Perkins*

“Serves a high purpose to the people of New York.”
—*New York Press*

“Most interesting and instructive.”
—*New York Sun*

“An exceedingly pleasant little book that will bring happiness to thousands.”
—*N. Y. Evening Mail*.

This book is handsomely bound in cloth, profusely illustrated and mailed postpaid to any address in America for 50 cts.

HISTORIAN PUBLISHING CO.
NEW YORK CITY.

ATLANTIC OCEAN

Map of Hudson River Dike Line

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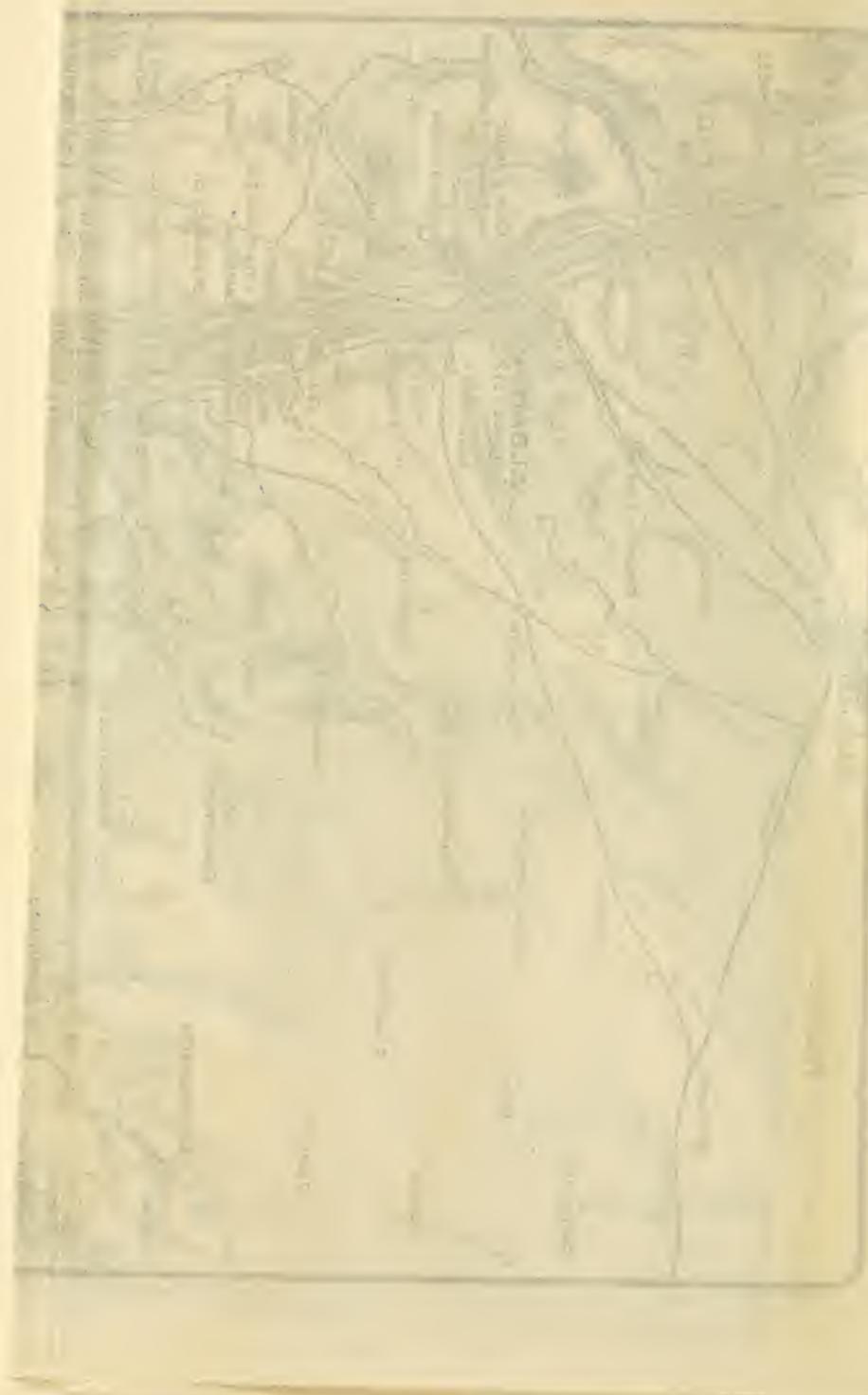
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